

THE DEMOCRAT.

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INSPIRATION IN WORRY.

A mortgage on his house was due.
He didn't worry;
He lost a lot of money, too.
He didn't worry.
'Twas his philosophy, you see
To always stay cheerful be.
Others might fret and fume—not he,
He didn't worry.

The man he owed the money to,
He did worry,
To pull that heavy burden through
He did worry.
His children must be clothed and fed,
He hustled for their daily bread;
In spite of all the wise ones said,
He did worry.

So it is, my cheerful friends,
Some must worry,
For your lack to make amends
Some must worry.
You decide with merry grin
That to worry is a sin,
But it often means to win;
Some must worry.
—M. L. Rayne, in Chicago Record-Herald.

HOW I MET AMY.

BY VIRGINIA NILES LEEDS.

THE train had stopped at Kansas City for breakfast, and my hitherto uneventful and tiresome journey was cheered by the sight of a pretty face.

There had been many faces on the way, and they had belonged to the fair sex, but they were not fair. One had belonged to a great grenadier of a female, in a sort of woman's business suit, who had bullied her husband, a puny, would-be-I-were-dead little man, all the way from St. Louis; and another was a middle-aged spinster whose features possessed an unusual amount of acidity. They had been more of a damper than an inspiration on the journey, and the sigh of relief that I heaved as they reached their respective destinations was chorused by my fellow-travelers.

Therefore it can be imagined what feelings came over me, when returning from my railroad-station breakfast and settling myself once more in my linen-draped revolving chair, I saw come aboard a slender figure in black cloth and fur, with great childlike blue eyes and an abundance of fluffy golden hair. I am a susceptible man at all times, but if there is one thing in the female line that makes my heart go faster, it is the combination of baby-blue eyes, fluffy hair, and fur.

She came aboard just as I returned, and about three minutes before the train was to start. It may seem strange that my susceptible heart set up such a beating when the fact is made known that my golden haired beauty was not alone. Her companion, a creature of the opposite sex, was not a person whose looks I fancied. His moustache was too blonde and too sweeping, his hat too glossy, and his scarf-pin too dazzling. Altogether there was a look about him as of a man whose worldly goods did not come to him through weary toil and plodding, but through more vagrant and less laborious methods.

I found myself devoutly hoping he was not her husband, for the innocent face and perfect apparel of the little blonde showed all refinement. She was just the kind of a trusting, unsuspecting little woman to be taken in by a deceiver and made to believe that his money and his jewels came from legitimate sources.

He settled her comfortably in her chair, which, as rare luck would have it, was next to mine, and was about to remove his lustrous hat and make himself at home, when he started up suddenly and asked: "Did you get your trunk checked?"

"Why, no," answered the pretty little blonde, turning upon him a startled, childlike face, "I didn't, Charlie!"

"What! And almost time to start! Here, give me your ticket, quick, and I'll see to it at once!"

She began fumbling in the little steel bag she wore at her side with excited, trembling fingers, while I chafed at the delay. Presently she found the ticket and handed it to him.

"Don't be long, Charlie!" she called plaintively, as he rushed off with the ticket, "for you know how dreadfully timid I am!"

She leaned forward in her chair and began peering out of the window. As the passengers returned one by one from their morning repast, she turned quickly, half rising each time, hoping that each was "Charlie."

But he did not come; and each second, I knew, seemed an hour. Then a dreadful thing happened. The conductor shouted "All aboard!" and his words were followed by the preliminary jerking of the cars. Another second and we were gliding over the rails! I glanced at the poor little

blonde. A terrified expression was on her lovely face, then putting her head back upon the chair, she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes and began to cry.

Such pity rose up in my heart as I had never felt before in my life. This poor child, so pretty, so timid, alone and helpless at the very outset of her journey! It was really awful, and I was for offering her my services at once. But, no! that would never do. About the best thing a man can do for a stranded young woman is to let her alone. She was probably upset enough without having a strange man address her. So I just sat and watched her with my heart in my eyes.

Was it possible, I began to ask myself, that her companion had played her false? Had he purposely delayed the checking of her trunk, or had the train really started without him? His appearance was certainly against him; but, of course, as I knew nothing whatever of their circumstances or relationship, it was hard for me to come to any conclusions. However, I am afraid I did not give "Charlie" the benefit of the doubt.

The poor little blonde held the handkerchief to her eyes with shaking fingers until the conductor came in. His cry of "Tickets!" caused her to take it down, and she looked up at him with the most woe-begone countenance I have ever beheld.

"Your ticket, Madam?" he said unfeelingly, as he stooped over her.

"Oh, I haven't any! I haven't any!" she began, looking at him beseechingly. "My cousin took it to get my trunk checked, and the train started without him!"

The conductor was a brute. He heard her tearful story without a spark of sympathy, and then remarked coolly: "The rules of this road require passengers either to hand up their tickets or get off and walk."

"But what am I to do?" she cried helplessly; "I haven't any money, at least only forty cents in my bag, and I simply must get to Wichita to-night!"

"That won't go down," returned the impudent rascal; "You'll pay your fare or you'll get off!"

This was more than human nature could stand, and with my blood boiling I rose up in my wrath and said: "This lady has told you precisely the truth! I myself witnessed the whole thing! I saw the gentleman take the ticket!"

The face that turned to me was sweeter than an angel's. The tears stood in the beautiful eyes, and a high color had risen in the poor little white cheeks.

"Oh, thank you, Sir! Thank you!" she cried, "how good of you to come to my assistance!"

"You must allow me to actually come to your assistance!" I answered, drawing a roll of bills from my pocket and subtracting the fare from Kansas City to Wichita.

"Oh, you are too good!" she exclaimed, drawing back; "but, really, I couldn't!"

"I cannot take no for an answer," I returned firmly; "I insist upon doing this for you, Madam!"

She blushed ever so sweetly, and as soon as the boisterous wretch of a conductor passed on, she began thanking me in the most charming way possible.

"Such a dreadful thing never happened me before," she began, with a little lip that was too fascinating for words. "I have never been anywhere alone in my life. I am 20, but being an only child, papa treats me as if I were but ten. He cannot realize that I am a woman!" Here she drew herself up and assumed an immense amount of dignity for so small a person.

I was perfectly carried away. The long journey, the ever-jolting cars, the dearth of beauty among the passengers, and then this bright apparition were quite as dazzling to me as the first ray of sunlight to the man who has dwelt in caves. She was a most enticing little creature, and the more I gazed the more I realized it. Her complexion was pure pink and white, and the simplicity of her dress only added to her charms.

"Do you know," she said frankly, after she had told me about being 20 and never having traveled alone, "I feel as if you are an old friend. But," she went on, her eyes brightening and smiles playing about her mouth, "if you are not an old friend, you certainly are a good one! Why, truly, I am not under such obligations to any one else in the world!"

I begged her not to mention it. Then she went on again: "You really must tell me your name—it isn't proper for me to ask, is it!—because just as soon as I get to Wichita I want to return the money you have loaned me."

I handed her my card, and she read aloud: "Mr. Shirley Hall. Why, what a pretty name! It is quite romantic, isn't it? Shirley is like the names you read in novels, and Hall is nice, too!"

"You are very kind," I said, feeling tremendously flattered.

"I suppose I ought to tell you my name in return, so you will know

whom the money comes from?" she asked with her head on the side.

"By all means!" I answered without loss of time.

"Amy Dyer," was the reply.

"Oh, that's pretty, too," I cried, "Not as pretty as yours," she argued.

"Yes, yes, much more so!" I insisted.

"Would you mind, Mr. Hall," was the next question, "if I should ask where you are going?"

"To La Junta," I responded.

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed, "I was in hopes you were going to Wichita, too! Why?" and she turned her bright eyes full on me—"why don't you come on there? It isn't so awfully far from La Junta!"

For an instant the mad impulse to do so overcame me, and my hand sought my pocket to extract the extra fare. But my common sense returning, I withdrew it firmly. My business was in La Junta; in fact, I had appointments there from the hour of my arrival, and there was absolutely no reason for my going to Wichita. I did not know a soul not a stick nor stone in the place.

Moreover, the doctor had recommended Colorado air for me.

He had not said a word about Kansas.

"I should love to," I returned, "but indeed I cannot. However," and I began to tremble as I put the question, "perhaps, on my way back, you will allow me to come to see you in Wichita?"

"Indeed I will," she answered with evident pleasure; then she wrote out her uncle's address for me, which I recognized as the most fashionable quarter of the place, and told me I must not fail to come.

I placed the address carefully in my card case.

Our parting was to be when we reached Newton, and before that hated time we had a most charming conversation.

She told me all sorts of little things about herself in the most refreshing original way, and before long she could have twisted me up into bows, knots and tied me around her neck with her fur bonnet. But, then I swear I have never met a woman more fascinating from that day to this!

Before parting we had a jolly little dinner together, and as I did the ordering, you may be sure nothing was wanting. Although she demurred and hesitated, I held out, and it would have done your heart good to see the way she regarded a quart bottle of champagne. It was the first time she had ever tasted "fizz," and her description, that it was like drinking a "humblebee," made me laugh heartily.

"Oh, what a trip that was! Shall I ever forget it?"

Finally the dreaded hour arrived and she must gather up her little traps and change for Wichita. I assisted, with a tugging pain at my heart. Suddenly I surprised a look in her blue eyes. I had been stooping to pick up her muffs, and it being closer at hand than I thought, I came up rather sooner than either she or I expected. She was looking down at me wistfully, yearningly, and there was a tear, I believe, in her eyes.

All restraint departed from me. The happy hours we had spent, the rapid intimacy of a railroad journey, and the prospect of parting, all conspired against me, and grasping her little hand inside the muff, I held it firmly and whispered:

"Amy!"

She gave me one long, lingering look and returned the pressure softly.

"Thank you again," she whispered, "and don't forget me! Oh, promise not to forget me!"

I promised, and then she was gone. Heavens! How lonely it was without her! How dingy the cars, how arid the view!

I could find nothing to interest me, and even the recollection of her brightness only served to make me more dismal. Before long the conductor came through again. It seemed to me that his sneering countenance was more sneering than ever. But I bore him no grudge.

"Well," he said with a grin, stopping by my chair, "did you find out who she was?"

"Certainly," I answered stiffly, "it was Miss Dyer, of Wichita."

"Miss Dyer nothing," he said with scorn. "Miss Dyer, Miss Flyer, Miss Lyer!"

"How dare you?" I demanded hotly, "and what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing!" he answered, coolly, "only she's the cutest lady bonko on this road. Her husband, him with the whiskers, runs a brace faro game over in Kansas City, and another in Wichita, and she's his palmer-in, that's all! Better look for your purse, Mr. Dyer!"

I did so and to my dismay it was gone!

"But why the devil, man, didn't you tell me?"

"Oh," he said, with a wink, "you seemed so willing to be bluffed with your Miss Dyer!"

Ah, me! Golden hair and eyes as blue!

I promised Amy never to forget her and I never have!—N. Y. Times

IN A SAC AND FOX VILLAGE.



Head Chief Keokuk.

The various tribes of the Sac and Fox Indians figured prominently in the history of the settlement of the states bordering the upper Mississippi. They were of the Algonquin family, and were divided into a large number of classes, their villages being distinguished by totems of various animals. There was no central government, and different sections of the tribe were at times of different minds. Such was the case during the Black Hawk war in 1832, when Chief Keokuk and his followers remained faithful to their treaties. The tribe now numbers about 1,000, divided between Kansas, Iowa and Oklahoma.

ANCESTRAL HOME OF YALE.

Church Where University's Founder Is Buried One of Oldest in Wales.

When the prince of Wales—who takes a genuine interest in things American—was at Wrexham, in Wales, a few weeks ago, he made a point of going to see the old-fashioned church there which is so closely connected with Yale university, says a London paper. The remains of the founder of Yale lie in the churchyard which surrounds the venerable pile, and only a few miles away stands the ancestral home of his family from which Elihu Yale's father went away with the pilgrims to the new world. In the quaint old Welsh village of Plas-y-n-yale, which lies amidst the wooded slopes of Bryn Egllys, there still are folk bearing the historic name.

The bones of the founder of the great American university lie close to the north porch of Wrexham church—which, by the way, was restored by the authorities of the university not many years ago. On his headstone there is this quaint inscription:

Born in America, in Europe bred, In Africa traveled and in Asia wed, Where long he lived and thrived, in London dead.

Much good, some ill he did, so hope all even And that his soul in mercy's gone to Heaven.

Wrexham church was built in 1472, which puts it among the old parish churches in the kingdom. Its chief glory is its tower, from which the beautiful lord's tower of the parliament buildings in London was to a large extent copied. The bells which hang in the Wrexham church are famous for their age and for the beauty of their tone. They were mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Travels of a Stork.

This story comes from Germany, or, rather, Poland. Last fall a Polish nobleman caught a stork and attached a plate to its neck on which was inscribed: "Hæc clonia ex Polonia." This spring the same stork was captured in the nobleman's park. About its neck was the plate and a packet. The packet contained several gems of great value, and the plate was further inscribed: "India cum donis remittit Polonia."

How Plants Remain Upright.

If a flower-pot is laid on its side the stalk of the plant growing in it gradually curves upward until it resumes the vertical position. This is called geotropic curvature, and the question is by what means the plant is stimulated to change its direction of growth. One theory avers that movable starch grains in the plant cells fall to the lower side as the position is changed, and by their pressure influence the mechanism of growth. Recently Mr. Francis Darwin, in England, has succeeded in accelerating the tendency of a plant to curve upward when placed horizontally by subjecting it to the vibrations of a tuning-fork. He thinks the shock of the vibrations affects the movements of the starch grains.—Nature.

Nothing New.

"Gents," said the clerk of the summer hotel, "you're making too much noise. Mr. Longhore, the author, is in the next room, and he says he can't write."

"That so?" replied one of the roysterers. "Tell him everybody knows that."—Philadelphia Press.

Heard in England.

"Can you change a sovereign?"

"No, sir; I'm no assassin."—Town Topics.

FAMINE IN TIMBER TREES.

Scarcity of Wood Suitable for Manufacturing Purposes Growing Greater Each Year.

It will be but a few years before durable timber becomes very much dearer than it is at present, predicts the Baltimore American. Good chestnut and white oak posts are worth now 15 cents each, and red cedar posts 20 cents apiece, undressed, and are hard to get at that. Ten years from now the supply will be very much less. No more profitable use of land can be made than to plant walnut, chestnut, oak, hickory, spruce, ash, maple, poplar, willow, locust and other trees that have a value in the arts for their timber. Plant the rough land to trees. The eucalypts are now grown in the southwestern portion of our country more extensively than any other exotic forest tree.

These trees are originally from Australia; they are known there under the name of antifever trees, as by their rapid growth and large amount of foliage they absorb the poisonous of the swamps, making the air pure and the climate healthy. In California, Kansas and Indiana tracts of land several thousand acres in area have been planted with seedlings of the eucalyptus rostrata for fuel, railroad ties and for windbreaks. On account of their rapid growth they make desirable shade trees for the dwelling and pasture lots. In many parts of the southwest the eucalyptus are utilized to advantage to furnish shade in pastures. If set along the fences and along the irrigating ditches they can be made to protect the cattle in the pasture without at any time interfering with farm work. Seedlings may be had from the nurserymen in 100 lots at five cents each. There are some 30 different varieties, and all of them are said to grow equally well in the middle or southern states. Plant the hillside in forest trees and farm the lowland.

Migrant Insects.

Locusts are not the only migrant insects. In July, 1890, a swarm of small beetles passed over Romershof, in Russia, which was two miles long, one and one-third miles wide, and over 20 feet thick.

Here's a Rare Favor.

If one buys a handsome teaspoon in London it is delivered wrapped in a piece of paper and those who are so grasping as to ask for a box are told that they "can have a box but it is not usual," and when one sees the box, made of coarse brown strawboard, bound at the corners with tin, it is easy to see why it is not usual.—Chicago Tribune.

The Best Place for It.

"The flytrap, Bridget? What have you done with it?"

"Sure and I put it in the woodshed."

"The woodshed! Oh, Bridget! And why?"

"I thought it would catch more flies there."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Famous Bell.

The famous bell at the cathedral of Rouen, France, known as the "Rouvenell," has become cracked. The bell has rung the curfew for a period of 600 years without interruption. It is impossible to repair it, and the townspeople are much distressed at their loss.

Will Give Free Tickets.

Free tickets to theaters, art galleries and museums are to be given to working people by the Berlin Society for the Encouragement of Art among the Working Classes.